Last Flowers.

...th thy face set winter-wise,
...thee, in these ruined bowers,
...rting splendor of thy eyes
...steadfast beauty of thy flowers!
...r buds that Summer knew;
...thine are loyal, brave, and true.

...ardent Marigolds still lift
...faces, glowing with a smile!
...not take a handful for a gift?
...neither flattery nor guile,
...these though sun and song be
...
...constancy may win at last,
...Asters, beautiful and bold,
...after-thoughts of Summer," fair
...
...Chrysanthemums, with flowers of
...
...crimson, violet, and white—
...time?—for thee alone to bloom,
...snow shall shroud them for their
...
...o'er the grassy sods,
...Lobelia in their scarlet hoods,
...the stately Golden-rods—
...Lady-fern within the woods,
...constant and true they stand,
...the last of Summer's flowery band.

A moment stay, and clasp them to thy heart!
Their beauty and their love may claim this grace;
Kiss them farewell, ere sighing thou depart,
For they will perish when they lose thy face.
They have been faithful through thy fading hours,
And Autumn's death will kill the Autumn flowers.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Society in London" recently published anonymously, and credited to George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, is now announced to have been written by T. H. S. Escott.

MR. FREDERICK SAUNDERS, pleasantly known by his "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," will issue early in September, through Thomas Whittaker, "Pastime Papers," a new volume of literary essays.

HARPER & BROS. have ready two new novels, "No Medium," by Annie Thomas, in Harper's *Handy Series* and "The Royal Highlanders," by James Grant, in their *Franklin Square Library*, which treats of the Egyptian struggle.

"GRANT'S memorial: What shall it be?" is discussed in the September number of the *North American Review*, by Launt Thompson, Karl Gerhardt, O. L. Warner, and Wilson McDonald, sculptors; W. H. Beard, painter; Calvert Vaux and Henry Van Brunt, architects; and Clarence Cook, art critic.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN'S forthcoming book, "Poetry in America," (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a work of original critical studies of American poets, and must not be confused with the ten volume "Library of American Literature," which Mr. Stedman, assisted by his son and Miss Hutchinson, is preparing.

CASSELL & Co. have just ready Vambery's "Coming Struggle for India." Though somewhat colored by the Hungarian's English sympathies, it is a clearly stated account of "the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, and of the difficulties sure to arise therefrom to England." A colored map which the volume contains, showing the Russian advance toward India, is both interesting and valuable.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & Co. have now ready the third edition of Dr. R. S. Storrs' eloquent and comprehensive work, "The Divine Origin of Christianity." They also call attention to two important works of which they have issued limited editions. "The Letters and Journals of Mrs. Calderwood" and "The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray." Both, aside from their literary interest, are fine specimens of book-making, the latter being a reissue of the celebrated Birket Foster edition.

"TEN THOUSAND MILES ON A BICYCLE," is the name of a work Karl Kron, the well known bicyclist and author of "Four Years at Yale by a Graduate" has in preparation and expects to publish in the fall. The main purpose of the book is to present minute descriptions of about 6000 miles of American highways, which the author has explored while driving his wheel the distance named in the title, through 24 separate States and provinces; and also general descriptions of 5000 or 6000 additional miles which other tourists have reported upon. The book is to be a handsome 12mo, and will no doubt be of rare interest to all devotees of this popular amusement.

ROBERTS BROS. have just published "The Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia," edited by Frank B. Sanborn, and containing two portraits of John Brown, and one of his son Owen Brown, besides an engraving of Brown's birthplace, and fac-similes of important documents; "Memoirs of Karoline Bauer," from the German, a book that will find hosts of readers, as it is one of the rarest treats ever offered to lovers of biography, picturing as it does in a most striking manner the court and theatrical life at Berlin fifty years ago; and "Stories of Invention Told by Inventors," collected and edited by E. E. Hale, complete Mr. Hale's series of "Stories for Boys."

FUNK & WAGNALLS have in press for issue in a few days "What the Temperance Century has Made Certain," by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, which will give in compact and inexpensive form the facts and lessons of the first century of the temperance conflict just closing, with a symposium of suggestions for the future from living leaders, including Neal Dow, Dr. Cuyler, President Seelye, Joseph Cook, J. N. Stearns, Dr. Babcock, Dr. J. O. Peck, Dr. Miner, General Fisk, George W. Bain, George W. Bungay, Rev. H. W. Conant, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Buell, and scores of others who are permitted to give, without restriction, their views of the "third party" movement (for or against), and also of other living issues relating to temperance.

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON'S WORKS.—So much of Mrs. Jackson's writing was done for the newspapers that a list of her books gives but a slight idea of the amount of work she accomplished. Among her best known published stories are "Bits of Talk in Verse and Prose for Young People," $1; "Bits of Travel," $1.50; "Bits of Travel at Home," $1.50; "Hetty's Strange History" (*No Name Series*), $1; "Letters from a Cat," published by her mistress for the benefit of all cats and the amusement of little children, illustrated by A. Ledyard, $1.25; "Mammy Tickleback and her Family," a true story of seventeen cats, $1.25; "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (*No Name Series*), $1; pap., 50 c.; "Nelly's Silver Mine," story of Colorado life, $1.50; "Story of Boon," a poem, pap., 35 c.; "Verses" $1.25; "The Training of Children," pap., 15 c.; "Romona," her latest and most brilliant work, which again deals with the Indian question, and a new edition of "A Century of Dishonor." The volume contains in addition to its former contents, Mrs. Jackson's report to the Government on the condition of the mission Indians, based on information which led to the production of "Ramona."

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. publish from new electrotype plates, a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which will be sold in cloth for $1. It is probably one of the cheapest copyright books ever published in America, as well as the most remarkable story ever published in this country or any other. The indications are that it will have a very large scale. A popular edition of Hawthorne's most famous story, "The Scarlet Letter," at the same price; an entirely new Household edition of Mr. Aldrich's poetical writings in the same style as the Household edition of Longfellow, Lowell, etc.; also a full gilt edition from the same plates, but with eleven illustrations, and bound in a more attractive style; and a new book of travel entitled "Due South, or Cuba, Past and Present," by M. M. Ballou, who published a year ago a book of similar character entitled "Due West." His new book relates to Cuba and the Bahama Islands.

JANSEN, McCLURG & Co., Chicago, have in press for speedy publication "The Standard Operas, Their Plots, their Music, and their composers, a hand-book," by George P. Upton. It is intended for the constant use of opera-goers, and will contain a sketch of each of the modern operas, with a clear story of its plot, an analysis of its music, an account of its composer, etc. Another volume from the same publishers will be "We Two Alone in Europe," by Mary L. Ninde. The foreign travels which gave rise to this volume were of a novel and perhaps unprecedented kind. Two young American girls—one the daughter of Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church—went abroad with the Bishop intending to travel with him. He was unexpectedly compelled to return home, and they, rather than suffer bitter disappointment, courageously continued their journeyings alone, going as far north as North Cape, and south to the Nile. Two years were spent delightfully and without serious mishap. The book will be illustrated.

The Objects of Bathing.

[Saturday Review.]

The object of bathing is fourfold: To produce a certain amount of nervous shock, that should be followed by reaction and an increased circulation of the blood on the surface, resulting in a more rapid change of tissues; to lower the temperature of the body; to cleanse the skin; and to produce pleasurable feelings, and, in connection with swimming, the beneficial effects of one of the best forms of physical exercise. The nervous shock and the reaction from it, following the first contact with the water, are important points, and to obtain them the plunge or the douche is preferable to any other form of bath. To wade up to the middle and stand shivering and fearful of the momentary feeling of discomfort is neither healthy nor pleasant, and timid persons who dare not plunge boldly into the water should be content with the douche bath. A large garden hose, with a high pressure of water, held at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the body, will give an idea of this most delightful curative and bracing agent. Sea bathing differs from out-door fresh-water bathing in the greater specific gravity of sea-water and its consequent greater buoyancy and more uniform temperature, while the pure air, sunshine, and better sanitary surroundings of seaside places contribute largely to the results. Mineral baths, as such, have no particular superiority over other baths of the same density and temperature. In addition to the greater healthiness and enjoyableness of outdoor bathing, it is probable that the simple exposure of the body to the sun and fresh air is of real benefit, and contributes to the sum total of the good results. Cramps are considered one of the great dangers of bathing, but when they are fatal it is probably the result of syncope or fainting, from failure of the heart's action. A good swimmer, in vigorous health, would hardly be wholly disabled by a cramp of only a part of his limbs.

Butchers' Meat and Headaches

[Popular Science Monthly.]

The prescription of a diet largely vegetarian has long been known to be good for persons subject to attacks of headache. Alexander Haig relates, in The Practitioner, a case that came under his treatment which indicates to him that this disease and its attendant phenomena are largely the result of a poison circulating in the blood, which poison is a product of the digestion of certain foods, especially butchers' meat, and that a cure is best effected by cutting off entirely the noxious food and aiding the elimination of the poison by the kidneys. The patient was a chronic sufferer from headache, and the afflictions that usually accompany it. He was a hard student, and was most troubled in winter. On the adoption of a strict vegetarian diet the attacks, which had been severe, ceased at once, and for six months of the cold half of the year there were only one or two slight ones, although they had been recurring weekly. A less strict diet was subsequently allowed, and gave practical immunity, provided butchers' meat was avoided. It was also found that two or three tumblers of hot water taken every night at bedtime gave increased immunity and enabled the patient to take even a little butchers' meat occasionally without fear of an attack. The disease was evidently caused by impure blood, and that by imperfection in the digestive process. The connection with butchers' meat was indicated directly by the facts in the case.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

PART THE SECOND.

[TOLD BY RICHARD FENTON, OF FRENCHAY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ESQUIRE.]

CHAPTER III.

The end of that wretched night came at last. When the welcome morning broke I found that a great change had taken place out of doors. The fierce snowstorm had been the farewell of the frost. The heavy rain that followed had filled the roads with slushy and rapidly-thawing snow. I managed to extort some sort of a breakfast from my host; then, having recompensed him according to my promise, not his deserts, started, as soon as I could, on the bare back of my unfortunate steed, for Midcombe, which place, after my night's experiences, seemed gifted with merits not its own.

I was surprised upon entering the house to find it was of larger dimensions than, from the little I saw of it during the night, I had imagined. It was altogether a better class of residence than I had supposed. My surly friend accompanied me until he had placed me on the main road, where I could make no possible mistake. He was kind enough to promise to assist any one I might send out in getting the dogcart under way. Then, with a hearty wish on my part that I might never again meet with his like, we parted.

I found my way to Midcome without much trouble. I took off my things, had a wash, and, like a sensible man for once, went to bed. But I did not forget to send a boy straight off to the nearest telegraph station. My message to Brand was a brief one. I simply said: "Tell your friend I have found his man." This duty done, I dismissed all speculation as to the result from my mind, and settled down to make up arrears of sleep.

I was surprised at the reply received that same evening from Brand: "We shall be with you as soon as we can get down tomorrow. Meet us at station." From this it was clear that my friend was wanted particularly—all the better! I turned to the time table and found that, owing to change and delays, they could not get to C——, the nearest station to Midcombe, until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I inquired about the crippled dog-cart. It had been brought in; so I left strict instructions that a shaft of some sort was to be rigged in time for me to drive over the next day and meet the doctor and his friend.

They came as promised. It was a comfort to see friends of any description, so I gave them a hearty welcome. Carriston took hold of both my hands and shook them so warmly that I began to fear I had discovered a long-lost father or his in my friend. I had almost forgotten the young fellow's appearance, or he looked a very different man today from the one I had seen when last we met. Then he was a wan, pensive, romantic, poetical-looking sort of fellow; now he seemed full of energy, vitality and grit. Poor old Brand looked as serious as an undertaker engaged in burying his own mother.

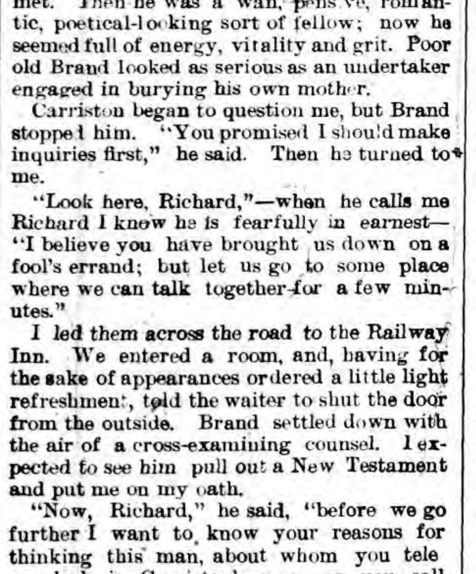
Carriston began to question me, but Brand stopped him. "You promised I should make inquiries first," he said. Then he turned to me.

"Look here, Richard,"—when he calls me Richard I know he is fearfully in earnest—"I believe you have brought us down on a fool's errand; but let us go to some place where we can talk together for a few minutes."

I led them across the road to the Railway Inn. We entered a room, and, having for the sake of appearances ordered a little light refreshment, told the waiter to shut the door from the outside. Brand settled down with the air of a cross-examining counsel. I expected to see him pull out a New Testament and put me on my oath.

"Now, Richard," he said, "before we go further I want to know your reasons for thinking this man, about whom you telegraphed, is Carriston's man, as you call him."

"Reasons! Why of course he is the man. Carriston gave me his photograph. The likeness is indisputable—leaving the finger-joint out of the question."



The likeness is indisputable—leaving the finger-joint out of the question.

Here Carriston looked at my cross-examiner triumphantly. The meaning of that look I have never to this hour understood. But I laughed because I knew old Brand had for once made a mistake, and was going to be called to account for it. Carriston was about to speak, but the doctor waved him aside.

"Now, Richard, think very carefully. You speak of the missing finger-joint. We doctors know how many people persuade themselves into all sorts of things. Tell me, did you notice the likeness before you saw the mutilated finger, or did the fact of the finger's being mutilated bring the likeness to your mind?"

"Bless the man," I said; "one would think I had no eyes. I tell you there is no doubt about this man being the original of the photo."

"Never mind—answer my question."

"Well, then, I am ashamed to confess it, but I put the photo in my pocket, and forgot all about it until I had recognized the man, and pulled out the likeness to make sure. I didn't even know there was a printed description at the foot nor that any member was wanting. Confound it, Brand! I'm not such a duffer as you think."

Brand did not retaliate. He turned to his friend and said gravely, "To me the matter is inexplicable. Take your own course, as I promised you should." Then he sat down, looking deliciously crestfallen, and w... g the discontented expression always natural to him when worsted in argument.

It was now Carriston's turn. He plied me with many questions. In fact, I gave him the whole history of my adventure. "What kind of house is it?" he asked.

"Better than a cottage—scarcely a farmhouse. A place, I should think, with a few miserable acres of bad land belonging to it. One of those wretched little holdings which are simply curses to the country."

He made lots of other inquiries, the purport of which I could not then divine. He seemed greatly impressed when I told him that the man had never for a moment left me alone. He shot a second glance of triumph at Brand, who still kept silent, and looked as if all the wind had been taken out of his sails.

"How far is the place?" asked Carriston. "Could you drive me there after dark?"

At this question the doctor returned to life. "What do you mean to do?" he asked his friend. "Let us have no nonsense. Even now I feel sure that Fenton is misled by some chance resemblance——"

'Deuce a bit, old chap," I said. "Well, whether or not, we needn't do foolish things. We must go and swear information and get a search warrant and the assistance of the police. The truth is, Richard," he continued, turning to me, "we have reason to believe, or I should say Carriston persists in fancying, that a friend of his has for some time been kept in durance by the man whom you say you recognized."

"Likely enough," I said. "He looked villain enough for anything up to murder."

"Any way," said Brand, "we must do everything according to law."

"Law! I want no law," answered Carriston. "I have found her, as I knew I should find her. I shall simply fetch her, and at once. You can come with me or stay here, as you like, doctor, but I am afraid I must trouble your friend to drive me somewhere near the place he speaks of."

Foreseeing an adventure and great fun—moreover, not unmoved by thoughts of revenge—I placed myself entirely at Carriston's disposal. He expressed his gratitude, and suggested that we should start at once. In a few minutes we were ready and mounted the dog cart. Brand, after grumbling loudly at the whole proceeding, finished up by following us and installing himself in the back seat. Carriston placed a parcel he carried inside the cart, and away we went.

It was now nearly dark and raining cats and dogs. I had my lamps lighted, so we got along without much difficulty. The roads were deep with mud, but by this time the snow had been pretty nearly washed away from everywhere. I don't make a mistake in a road twice, so in due course we reached the scene of my upset. Here I drew up.

"The house lies about five hundred yards up the lane," I told Carriston; "we had better get out here."

"What about the horse?" asked Brand.

"No chance of any one passing this way on such a night as this; so let us put out the lamp, and tie him up somewhere."

We did so; then struggled on afoot until we saw the gleam of light which had been so welcome to me two nights before.

It was just about as dark as pitch; but guided by the light, we went on until we stood in front of the house, where a turf bank and a dry hedge hid us from sight, although on such a night we had little fear of our presence being discovered.

"What do you mean to do now?" asked Brand in a discontented whisper. "You can't break into the house."

Carriston said nothing for a minute; then I felt him place his hand on my shoulder.

"Are there any horses; any cows about the place?" he asked.

I told him I thought that my surly friend rejoiced in the possession of a horse and a cow.

"Very well. Then we must wait. He'll come out to see them before he goes to bed," said Carriston, as decidedly as a general giving orders just before a battle.

I could not see how Brand expressed his feelings upon hearing this order from our commander. I know I shrugged my shoulders and if I said nothing I thought a deal. The present situation was all very well for a strongly-interested party like Carriston, but he could scarcely expect others to relish the prospect of waiting, it might be for hours, under that comfortless hedge. We were all wet to the skin, and although I was extremely anxious to see the end of the expedition, and find poetical justice meted out to my late host, Carriston's Fabian tactics lacked the excitement I longed for. Brand, in spite of his disapproval of the whole course of action, was better off than I was. As a doctor, he must have felt sure that, provided he could survive the exposure, he would secure two fresh patients. However, we made no protest, but waited for events to develop themselves.

CHAPTER IV.

More than half an hour went by. I was growing numbed, tired, and beginning to think that we should be making asses of ourselves, when I heard the rattle of a chain, and felt Carriston give my arm a warning touch. No doubt my late host had made sure that his new door-fastenings were equal to a stronger test than that to which I had subjected the former ones; so we were wise in not attempting to carry his castle by force.

The door opened and closed again. I saw the feeble glimmer of a lantern moving toward the outhouse in which my horse had been stabled. I heard a slight rustling in the hedge, and, stretching out my arm, found that Carriston had left my side. In the absense of any command from him I did not follow, but resumed the old occupation—waiting.

In a few minutes the light of the lantern reappeared; the bearer stood on the threshold of the door, while I wondered what Carriston was doing. Just as the door was opened for the boor's readmittance, a dark figure sprang upon him. I heard a fierce oath and cry of surprise; then the lantern flew out of the man's hand, and he and his assailant tumbled struggling through the narrow doorway.

"Hurrah! the door is won, anyway!" I shouted, as, followed closely by the doctor, I jumped over the hedge and rushed to the scene of the fray.

Although Carriston's well conceived attack was so vigorous and unexpected that the man went down under it; although our leader had utilized the advantage he had gained in a proper and laudable manner, by bumping that thick bullet head as violently as he could against the flags on which it lay; I doubt if, after all, he could have done his work alone. The countryman was a muscular brute, and Carriston but a stripling. However, our arrival speedily settled the question.

"Bind him!" panted Carriston; "there is cord in my pocket." He appeared to have come quite prepared for contingencies. While Carriston still embraced his prostrate foe, and Brand, to facilitate matters, knelt on his shoulders, sat on his head, or did something else useful, I drew out from the first pocket I tried a nice length of half-inch line, and had the immense satisfaction of trussing up my scowling friend in a most workmanlike manner. He must have felt those turns on his wrists for days afterwards. Yet when we were at last at liberty to rise and leave him lying helpless on his kitchen floor, I consider I exercised great self-denial in not bestowing a few kicks upon him, as he swore at us in his broadest vernacular in a way which, under the circumstances, was no doubt a great comfort to him.

We scarcely noticed the man's wife while we rendered her husband helpless. As we entered she attempted to fly out, but Brand, with a promptitude which I am glad to record, intercepted her, closed the door, turned and pocketed the key. After that the woman sat on the floor and rocked herself to and fro.

For some moments, while recovering his breath, Carriston stood and positively glared at his prostrate foe. At last he found words:

"Where is she? Where is the key, you hound?" he thundered out, stooping over the fellow, and shaking him with a violence which did my heart good. As he received no answers save the unrecordable expressions above mentioned, we unbuttoned the wretch's pockets, and searched those greasy receptacles. Among the usual litter we did certainly find a key. Carriston snatched at it, and shouting, "Madeline! Madeline! I come!" rushed out of the room like a maniac, leaving Brand and me to keep guard over our prisoners.

I filled a pipe, lit it, and then came back to my fallen foe.

"I say, old chap," I said, stirring him gently with the toe of my boot, "this will be a lesson to you. Remember, I told you that civility costs nothing. If you had given me Christian bed accommodation instead of making me wear out my poor bones on that infernal chair, you could have jogged along in your rascality quite comfortably, so far as I am concerned."

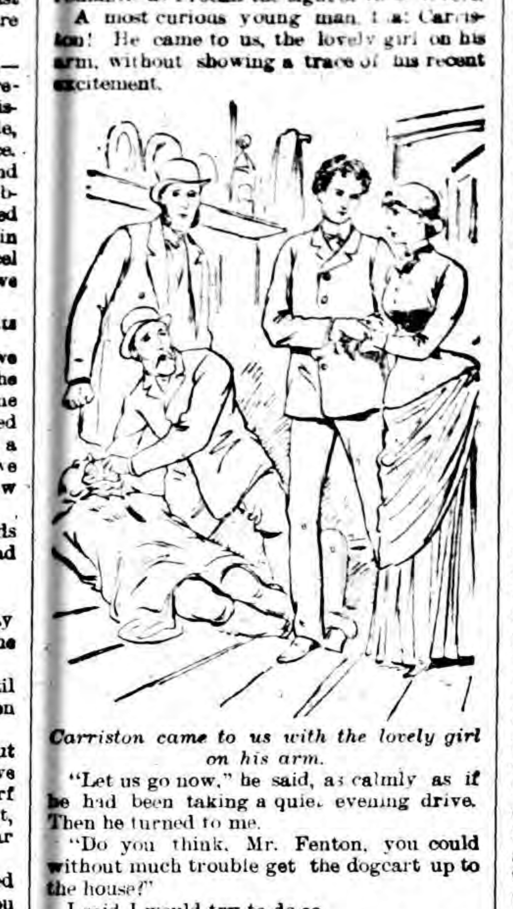
He was very ungrateful—so much so that my desire to kick him was intensified. I should not like to swear. I did not to a slight degree yield to the temptation.

"Push a handkerchief in his mouth," cried Brand, suddenly. "A lady is coming."

With right good will I did as the doctor suggested.

Just then Carriston returned. I don't want to raise home tempests, yet I must say he was accompanied by the most beautiful creature my eyes have ever lighted upon. True, she was pale as a lily—looked thin and delicate, and her face bore traces of anxiety and suffering, but for all that she was beautiful—too beautiful for this world, I thought, as I looked at her. She was clinging in a half-frightened, half-confiding way to Carriston, and he—happy fellow!—regardless of our presence, was showering down kisses on her sweet pale face. Confound it! I grow quite romantic as I recall the sight of those lovers.

A most curious young man, that Carriston! He came to us, the lovely girl on his arm, without showing a trace of his recent excitement.



Carriston came to us with the lovely girl on his arm.

"Let us go now," he said, as calmly as if he had been taking a quiet evening drive. Then he turned to me.

"Do you think, Mr. Fenton, you could without much trouble get the dogcart up to the house?"

I said I would try to do so.

"But what about these people?" asked Brand.

Carriston gave them a contemptuous glance. "Leave them alone," he said. "They are but the tools of another—him I cannot touch. Let us go."

"Yes, yes. But why not verify your suspicions while you can?"

Just like Brand! He's always wanting to verify everything.

In searching for the key we had found some papers on our prisoner. Brand examined them, and handed to Carriston an envelope which contained what looked like banknotes.

Carriston glanced at it. "The handwriting is, of course, disguised," he said, carelessly, "but the postmark shows whence it came. It is as I always told you. You agree with me now?"

"I am afraid I must," said Brand, humbly. "But we must do something about this man," he continued.

Hereupon Carriston turned to our prisoner. "Listen, you villain," he said. "I will let you go scot-free if you breathe no word of this to your employer for the next fortnight. If he learns from you what has happened before that time, I swear you shall go to penal servitude. Which do you choose?"

I pulled out the gag, and it is needless to say which the fellow chose.

Then I went off, and recovered the horse and cart. I relighted the lamps, and with some difficulty got the dogcart up to the house. Carriston must have exactly anticipated the events of the night. The parcel he had brought with him contained a bonnet and a thick, warm cloth cloak. His beautiful friend was equipped with these; then leaving the woman of the house to untie her husband at her leisure and pleasure, away we started; the doctor sitting by me; Carriston and the lady behind.

We just managed to catch the last train from C——. Not feeling sure as to what form inquiries might take to-morrow, I thought it better to go up to town with my friends, so, as we passed through Midcombe, I stopped, paid my bill, and gave instructions for my luggage to be forwarded to me. By 6 o'clock the next morning we were all in London.

DR. BRAND IN CONCLUSION.

When I asked Dick Fenton to relate his experiences I did not mean him to do so at such length. But there, as he has written it, and as writing is not a labor of love with him, let it go.

When Madeline Rowan found the bed, by the side of which she had thrown herself in an ecstasy of grief, untenanted, she knew in a moment that she was the victim of a deep-laid plot. Being ignorant of Carriston's true position in the world, she could conceive no reason for the elaborate scheme which had been devised to lure her so many miles from her home, and make a prisoner of her.

A prisoner she was. Not only was the door locked upon her, but a slip of paper lay on the bed. It bore these words: "No harm is meant you, and in due time you will be released. Ask no questions, make no foolish attempts at escape, and you will be well treated."

Upon reading this the girl's first thought was one of thankfulness. She saw at once that the reported accident to her lover was but an invention. The probabilities were that Carriston was alive, and in his usual health. Now that she felt certain of this, she could bear anything.

From the day on which she entered that room to that on which we rescued her Madeline was to all intents and purposes as close a prisoner in that lonely house on the hillside as she might have been in the deepest dungeon in the world. Threats, entreaties, promises of bribes availed nothing. She was not unkindly treated—that is, suffered no absolute ill-usage. Books, materials for needlework and other little aids to while away time were supplied. But the only living creatures she saw were the woman of the house, who attended to her wants, and, on one or two occasions, the man whom Carriston asserted he had seen in his trance. She had suffered from the close confinement, but had always felt certain that sooner or later her lover would find her, and effect her deliverance. Now that she knew he was alive she could not be unhappy.

I did not choose to ask her why she had felt so certain on the above points. I wished to add no more puzzles to the one which, to tell the truth, exercised, even annoyed, me more than I care to say. But I did ask her if, during her incarceration, her jailer had ever laid his hand upon her.

She told me that some short time after her arrival a stranger had gained admittance to the house. While he was there the man had entered her room, held her arm, and threatened her with violence if she made any outcry. After hearing this I did not pursue the subject.

Carriston and Madeline were married at the earliest possible moment, and left England immediately after the ceremony. A week after their departure, by Carriston's request, I forwarded the envelope found upon our prisoner to Mr. Ralph Carriston. With it I sent a few lines stating where and under what peculiar circumstances we had become possessed of it. I never received any reply to my communication, so, wild and improbable as it seems, I am bound to believe that Charles Carriston's surmise was right—that Madeline was decoyed away and concealed, not from any ill-will towards herself, but, with a view to the possible baneful effect which her mysterious disappearance might work upon her lover's strange and excitable organization; and I firmly believe that had he not in some inexplicable way been firmly convinced that she was alive and faithful to him the plot would have been a thorough success, and Charles Carriston would have spent the rest of his days in an asylum.

Both Sir Charles—he succeeded to his title shortly after his marriage—and Lady Carriston are now dead, or I should not have ventured to relate these things concerning them. They had twelve years of happiness. If measured by time the period was but a short one; but I feel sure that in it they enjoyed more true happiness than many others find in the course of a protracted life. In word, thought and deed they were as one. She died, in Rome, of fever, and her husband, without, so far as I know, any particular complaint, simply followed her.

I was always honored with their sincerest friendship, and Sir Charles left me sole trustee and guardian to his three sons; so there are now plenty of lives between Ralph Carriston and his desire. I am pleased to say that the boys, who are as dear to me as my own children, as yet show no evidence of possessing any gifts beyond Nature.

I know that my having made this story public will cause two sets of objectors to fall equally foul of me—the matter-of-fact prosaic who will say that the abduction and subsequent imprisonment of Madeline Rowan was an absurd impossibility, and the scientific man, like myself, who cannot, dare not believe that Charles Carriston, from neither memory nor imagination, could draw a face, and describe peculiarities, by which a certain man could be identified. I am far from saying there may not be a simple natural explanation of the puzzle, but I, for one, have failed to find it, so close this tale as I began it by saying I am a narrator, and nothing more.

THE END.

The First Jewish Peer.

[New York Tribune.]

The elevation of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild to the British peerage is in many respects significant. Mr. Gladstone has the credit of creating the first Jewish peer; for though Lord Beaconsfield was a Jew by race, he was not a professor of the Hebrew faith, and, in fact, has done what was possible to efface his connection with his own people. But the Rothschilds represent Hebraism all over the world, and their family has for many years been doing the actual fighting against the venerable prejudices which for so many centuries refused to the Jews throughout Europe either social or political positions. Even in this age of toleration it has taken more than a generation to conquer inherited antipathies; but it is instructive to observe that in England the house of lords has always been behind the commons in this as in so many other points. Thus when in 1849 Baron Lionel de Rothschild was returned to the house from London, and being refused his seat the Jews' oaths of abjuration bill was introduced to remove his disabilities, the bill passed the house, but was rejected by the lords, and in 1855 and 1859 the same measures repeatedly passed the house, only to be as steadily thrown out by the upper chamber.

But it was not until 1871, after the abolition of tests, that a Jew was made master of arts at Oxford; and even when Disraeli was premier of England and in the zenith of his reputation there is reason to believe that he declined a peerage in favor of his wife, not because he did not desire the honor, but because he feared the political effect of his elevation. At a later period he accepted the distinction, though there was much grumbling among the Conservative peers, but he was not regarded as a thorough Jew.

The elevation of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, therefore, marks a decided advance. It must be concluded that the old prejudices have nearly disappeared. For though the special distinction of the Rothschilds is their financial position, and though this has often enabled them to control the course of powerful governments and to command at least the outward show of homage and respect from the haughtiest aristocracy, their Judaism has always been strongly marked, and they have never made any concessions in that particular.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey—Between Amzi Dodd, as surviving executor of estate of Aaron E. Ballard, deceased, complainant, and Cyrus F. Pierson and others, defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday the, tenth day of November next, at two o'clock, P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey.

Beginning in the west side of Broad street at the southeast corner of land of Dr. Joseph A. Davis, and thence running (1) along the west side of Broad street south ten degrees and forty-five minutes west thirty feet to lands of Dr. William H. Pierson; thence (2) along his line north seventy-nine degrees and fifteen minutes west eighty-six feet and seven inches to other land of said William H. Pierson; thence (3) along the line of same north ten degrees and fifteen minutes east thirty feet and two inches to land of said Davis; and thence (4) along his line easterly about eighty-six feet to the beginning. Being a part of the premises conveyed to Cyrus F. Pierson by John D. Harrison, Sheriff, by deed dated December 31, 1878, Recorded in B 20 of Deeds for Essex County, page 432, etc.

Newark, N. J., September 7, 1885.
WM. H. BROWN, Sheriff.
HALSEY M. BARRETT, Solicitor. $4.50

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey, between Francis Law, Jr., complainant, and Christina Ferguson, et. al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the tenth day of November next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

Beginning on the south side of Willow Street at the northwest corner of said Ferguson's lot; Thence (1) south twenty-seven and a half degrees west along said Ferguson's line one hundred and thirty-eight feet to northeast corner of William Bowker's lot; thence (2) along his line north sixty-two and a half degrees west fifty feet; thence (3) along the line of Christina Ferguson north twenty-seven and a half degrees east one hundred and thirty-eight feet to said Willow street; thence (4) along said Willow street fifty feet to the place of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said David Ferguson (since deceased) by Joseph A. Davis and his wife by deed bearing even date with said mortgage, which was given to secure a part of the purchase money mentioned in said deed.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 7, 1885.
WILLIAM H. BROWN, Sheriff.
F. H. PILCH, Solicitor. $4.50

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